

C. J. Foster - Esq.

OXFORD

DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, MAINE, TUESDAY, AUGUST 30, 1836.

VOLUME 4.

NUMBER 3.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT,

IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY BY

GEORGE W. MILLER.

TERMS—One dollar and fifty cents in advance. One dollar and seventy-five cents at the end of six months. Two dollars at the end of the year.

No paper discontinued till all dues are paid, but at the option of the publisher.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted on the usual terms, the promisor not being accountable for any error in any advertisement beyond the amount charged for it.

COMMUNICATIONS, and LETTERS on business must be addressed to the publisher, *Postpaid*.

LADIES Department.

A GOVERNESS WANTED.

BY MRS. ANDY.

Our governess left us, dear brother,

Last night in a strange fit of pique;

Will you kindly seek out for another?

We want her at latest next week;

But I'll give you a few plain credentials,

The bargain with speed to complete;

Take a pen—just set down the essentials,

And begin at the top of the sheet!

With easy and modest deviation,

She must move, act, and speak,

She must understand French with precision,

Italian, and Latin, and Greek;

She must play the piano divinely,

Excel on the Harp and the lute,

Do all sorts of needle work finely,

And make feather-flowers, and wax-fruit.

She must answer all queries directly,

And all sciences will understand,

Paints in oils, sketch from nature correctly,

And write German text and short-hand;

She must sing with power, science, and sweetness,

Yet for concert must not sing at all,

She must dance with ethereal fleetness,

Yet never must go to a ball.

She must not have ready relations,

Her dress must be tasteful yet plain,

Her discourse must abound in quotations,

Her memory all dates must retain;

She must paint out each on her's chief beauties,

She must manage dull winter's with skill,

Her pleasures must lie in her duties;

She must never be nervous or ill!

If she write casuys, ides, the mes, and connets,

Yet he not pedante or pett;

If she wear bonnet but deep cottage bonnets,

If she deem it high treason to flet,

If to mildness she adds sense and spirit,

Engage her at once without fear,

I love to reward modest merit,

And I give—fuly gaineas a year!

I accept, my good sister, your mission,

To-morrow, my sarech I'll begin,

In all circles, in every condition,

I'll strive such a treasure to win.

And if, after years of probation,

My eyes on the wonder shou'l rest,

I'll engage her without hesitation,

But not on the terms you sing rest.

Of a bird I have never made selection,

For my bachelar that's world still dwell

On an object near to perfection,

That I blushed half my fancies to tell;

Now this list that you Linnly have graded,

I'll quote and refer to through life,

But just blot out—*J. Governess Wanted.*

And head it with—*Wanted a Wife!*

From the Diary of a Joke Hunter.

THE WALTHAM WAG.

*** Sam answered my knock. "Master's out, sir," said he; "found himself very queer and quibsyish this morning, so he's took the Fulham stage, and gone down to Mr. Hook's."

Felt exceedingly queer and quibsyish myself, and determined on following the example of so good a judge. Made the best of my way to the White Horse Cellar. Mat Webster was there—clean as usual, but evidently down upon his luck. Inquired the reason. "Why it's a blue look out, master," said he. "Here now arter trying for more nor a month, and spending with a trifle, one and ten pence to bring the thing to a final commencement, and laughs in my face. Only I couldn't afford it, mind me, I'd ha' set to, and kicked 'em!" Begged him to afford me further particular. "Why to tell you the truth, master," said Mat, "I thought I'd make my forin but my invention's all smoke, it seems—other people invented the same thought years ago. I found the way to make a shilling bottle o' blacking for two pence winge-gar included; but the blacking makers calls that extravagant, and says a shilling's worth, bottle and all, costs 'em five farthings or less; how should I think they could live?"

Condolled with Mat on his misfortune, and inquired for the queerest coachman. Mat said that Waltham Jem was the runniest kiddy on the road, barring Duck nosed Dick. "But the latter warn't," added Mat, "an't so conversible; that's Jem a coming up—he with the blue muzzle and white hat, what looks so wickedly, barring his face, he had occasion to tip him in the eye, and you see, master, he han't struck my colors yet."

Jem now approached—"Fulham, sir," said he, "in box vacant." Agreed to ride by his side, and in rather more than ten minutes we started. Over the stones conversation was out of the question, but the moment we got on the road, we had "a talk" to the following effect.

"Bad black eye that of yours, Jem—how did you get it?"

"I was trying to wink, sir."

"Your near horse is lame in the off fore-foot, Jem?"

"High, grand-acted horse that I—famed himself last night by striking his toe against his upper teeth,

Been a charger!"

"The other's lame too——"

"Yes, he trod upon a frog—poor thing!"

"How he whistles!"

"Ah! he's unvaluable, sir. Got a thrush in each foot."

What time will you reach Fulham?"

"I shall draw the book of my vehicle on the foot of the bridge precisely at eleven."

"Why, you're a punster, I perceive!"

"No; I'm a Chelseaman—birth, parentage and education."

"Write a good hand?"

"Not at all—I was born a pen-shunner close by the college; but for all that I can make my mark to a receipt for any amount. Twit this here old gentleman—Fulham, sir?—I only say that to plague him. He's a rear admiral—

"Rear indeed and can't ride a rocking horse!"

"We won't travel with me!"

"How have you offended him?"

"Why one night when we got to his door, being a mighty uppish sort of a cove, he wouldn't lend me on my arm; the step was broken, and down he fell flat under the porch."

"Why, admiral," says I, "you've struck your fling?"

"So you lost your passenger by your joke?"

"Joke—I can't see no joke in it."

"I can't know what a joke is!"

"Don't I? Only look at this lady with the little boy in her arms what's a coming now this what I calls a joke. Beg your pardon man'man there's the child's shoe on its foot! Did you twig how frustrated she was—and how she looked at her, and how, when I said 'on its foot,' she half laughed, half frowned, and went off blushing giggling, and biting her lip. I had a joke with Buckle, what keep the Goat and Boots this morning. I made a little hole in a hor-rindge, sucked all the juice out, and then blowed it up with my breath so as to make it look like a face—did ee see how he turned? Now for i'other—Hollow' Alabaster—what's lingum whitey? There he knows his name—because he must have heard ten thousand times afore.

"Allow me to tell you it was a joke, Jem."

"No such thing, sir, axir, your pardon: this is a joke, as you shall see. There's Mr. Bur-chell's man, and Col. MacLeod's man—both blackeyemoors—standing at their masters' gar-den gates, and looking down the road as if they was a waiting for the milk-man or summatur, while all the time the lazy wagabones is doing nothing but dwaddling to see my coach pass."

"Now you'll please to notice how I'll make 'em front about. The nearest, this here chap to the left, is Mr. Burchell's Pompey—I say, Jem, you're read the history of Rome, havn't you?"

"B. Why, yes—but what has that to do with the common law?"

"A. A good deal—don't you remember that Rome was saved once by the cackling of a goose?"

"B. Yes, I believe I do."

"A. Well a law was made at that time that for the future no goose should be attached for debt—it has been in full force ever since by the common consent of nations, and if you want to keep out of trouble, I advise you to send back the geese forthwith."

"B. Do you think so?"

"A. Certainly I do."

"B. Well, I guess I will—but it's rather a tough case to send 'em ten miles, after running so almighty hard to catch 'em—but I suppose won't do to break the common law."

"B. East Florida—By looking on the map, about a hundred miles from the mouth of the St. John's, a short turn will be seen in the river. It is the place described by one of the historians of Florida as so thickly abounding with alligators, that a dog might cross the river by leaping from the back of one to the other, all the way over—a story larger than I intend to tell. But it is indeed a lovely spot, to which my careless pen can hardly do justice."

"B. To view the place advantageously, we must sail up to it in a pleasure-boat, and then land."

"At first, we are in a broad bay, but as we approach, the river contracts, and exhibits this

stream foams with fish, and the wild duck

seems to be at home, and the deer comes down

to drink the waters, and the alligator bellows

like distant thunder. Otherwise, silence and

solitude reign, and all appear as if man had never intruded here. I have gone on shore to enjoy the coolness created under the wild orange

groves by the current of the river, and have

seen the Indian come paddling down the stream

with his child; his squaw also rowing with one

oar, while he paddled and steered, and every

thing had the appearance of the time of

the wild orange tree, bowing to the waters, and towering above all, the giant magnolias. Often

the stream foams with fish, and the wild duck

seems to be at home, and the deer comes down

to drink the waters, and the alligator bellows

like distant thunder. Otherwise, silence and

solitude reign, and all appear as if man had never intruded here. I have gone on shore to enjoy the coolness created under the wild orange

groves by the current of the river, and have

seen the Indian come paddling down the stream

with his child; his squaw also rowing with one

oar, while he paddled and steered, and every

thing had the appearance of the time of

the wild orange tree, bowing to the waters, and towering above all, the giant magnolias. Often

the stream foams with fish, and the wild duck

seems to be at home, and the deer comes down

to drink the waters, and the alligator bellows

like distant thunder. Otherwise, silence and

solitude reign, and all appear as if man had never intruded here. I have gone on shore to enjoy the coolness created under the wild orange

groves by the current of the river, and have

seen the Indian come paddling down the stream

with his child; his squaw also rowing with one

oar, while he paddled and steered, and every

thing had the appearance of the time of

the wild orange tree, bowing to the waters, and towering above all, the giant magnolias. Often

the stream foams with fish, and the wild duck

seems to be at home, and the deer comes down

to drink the waters, and the alligator bellows

like distant thunder. Otherwise, silence and

solitude reign, and all appear as if man had never intruded here. I have gone on shore to enjoy the coolness created under the wild orange

groves by the current of the river, and have

seen the Indian come paddling down the stream

with his child; his squaw also

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

Paris, August 31, 1836.

REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS.
FOR PRESIDENT
MARTIN VAN BUREN, of N. York.
FOR VICE-PRESIDENT.
RICHARD M. JOHNSON, of Kentucky.

For Governor.
ROBERT P. DUNLAP.

For Senators.

OXFORD,
ISAAC STRICKLAND,
JONATHAN SWIFT.

YORK,
STEPHEN WOODMAN,
LEV J. HAM,
SAMUEL MILDRAM.

KENNEBEC,
ALFRED PIERCE,
JOSEPH SEWART,
ALPHIEUS LYON.

WALDO,
JOS A. STAPLES,
BENJAMIN CARR.

SOMERSET,
JOHN H. SMITH,
MARSHALL H. WHITNEY.

CUMBERLAND,
RUFUS SOULE.

For Representatives to Congress.

OXFORD,
TIMOTHY J. CARTER.

YORK,
JOHN FAIRFIELD.

LINCOLN,
JONATHAN CILLEY.

WALDO.

ALFRED MARSHALL.

SOMERSET,
THOMAS DAVEE.

WASHINGTON,
TIMOTHY PHILBURY.

CUMBERLAND,
O. J. SMITH.

For Electors.

OXFORD—JOSEPH TOPIN.

YORK—SHIELDON HOBBS.

LINCOLN—BENJAMIN BURGESS.

KENNEBEC—RUEL WILLIAMS.

WALDO—SAMUEL S. HEAGAN.

SOMERSET—JOHN HAMBLETT.

WASHINGTON—SHEPPARD CAREY.

CUMBERLAND—JONATHAN SMITH.

For County Treasurer.

OXFORD—ALANSON MELLEN.

Democratic Caucus.

The Democratic Republicans of Paris are requested to meet at the Court House in said Town on Saturday the 10th day of September next, at 5 o'clock in the afternoon for the purpose of selecting a Candidate to be supported at the ensuing election as Representative in the next Legislature. A full and punctual attendance is requested.

August 27, 1836.

Regular Nominations. We regret to notice in so many parts of our State, a disposition to oppose the nominations of the offices made by Conventions that have been fairly called, and amply attended. Our sentiments on the propriety and necessity of supporting these nominations are well known and have been repeatedly urged upon our readers. They remain unchanged. Differences of opinion do and will exist. Personal and local preferences must and will have their influence. Yet if we would act together as a party, some sacrifices and a sacrifice of individual feeling, (but not of principle,) will be of the majority. If we attempt to put one profession, the support of the Convention, in a position of more importance, than the gratification of personal feelings, local prejudice. But we are not—our retaining a party is merely for the purpose of grasping or retaining power, regardless of the rights or wishes of the people, then it matters not how soon we are broken up. If the only distinction between us is that we are not the same under one roof, then we have not so learned democacy. We do not so understand the contest we are waging against doctrines which we consider at war with the best interests of the people, and the cause of liberty throughout the world. In our own ranks there are doubtless disinterested and principled intriguers. There are those who by design and main-governed by the avarice of office, and gain from them even in temporary, yet, we in fully defend their severest reprobation. Being at present in the majority we find among us renegades who opposed us until they were defeated, and who would do it again if the power should pass from our hands—men whose principles have not changed but their views have, and yet whose professions vary with the popular humors. Is this not a pity? This does not affect the purity or importance of our principles, but it affects it to our zeal and damp our ardor in their support. But it may be said, and is, that however strongly we are bound to support regular nominations, yet we are under obligations to sustain those which are irregular on the face of them, or which being apparently yet were procured by baseness, intrigue, and corrupt management, in regard to the cause of the people, and to the wishes of the people. This is an objection which we and one which we do recollect to have been noticed in many of our papers which are loud in their report of regular nominations. They insist strongly on what no one disputes, and pass over objections, which if true, deserve notice at least. It will not do to say, that everything deserves a support which is called a nomination. There are cases of corruption, and of fraud, or if there are cases of complaint, they may not be good faith, or if manifest. We never yet knew of a convention or election where there were rival candidates, where the friends of the defeated candidate did not find or imagine cause for complaint, either in the proceedings of the convention or in the resolution of the election. But then we must look at both sides of the question and see if it is not equally sufficient to justify us in opposing the nomination and thereby hindering the organization of the party, and throwing overboard the whole of the enemy. Is it not better to suffer temporary evils until the people can quietly remedy them than to hazard the safety or prosperity of that cause and those principles which are so dear to us? The case must be a strong one, and is now extremely enervated and feeble. Longacre's picture gives a perfect likeness of the whole appearance; much better I should say, than Stewart's ever did, which in the best portrait of him as he was formerly. He cannot sit up, except a little while, raw and tattered, to rest from reclining on a sofa; and at first, when I saw him, he wore gloves, which were laid aside, however, as the weather became warm. We found him more unwell than usual, and with a difficulty of breathing which affects his speech; so that Mrs. Madison told me I must talk, and not let him. But as Madison was to listen, and he appeared to grow better every day, our conversation animated without fatiguing him. Though nothing would induce me to injure him, yet I found him so free of communication that I heard a great deal more than now a fortnight since it happened, I shall perhaps be able to recollect precisely. But it is deeply fixed in a memory tenacious from strong impression of its interest, and I will try to be accurate in the memorandum of it before the impression fades.

Mr. Madison is a man of medium, the middle way—avoiding all extremes, and perhaps fond of chucks and bounces; but he is a grain a genuine republican. You perceive directly that Mr. Jefferson is the god of his idolatry; and while he acknowledges the talents, services, and merits of his first great antagonist, Alexander Hamilton, yet when I told him that Prince Talleyrand, in eulogizing M. Turenne to an American gentleman, characterized him as the Hamilton of France, "Yes," said Mr. M., "Talleyrand was a great dabbler in stocks." Not that he disapproves General Hamilton, to whose abilities he does justice; and, indeed, he speaks ill of no man, but that he is a grain a genuine republican. He repeated many a principle calculated to prevent war; that is, the principle that five ships make five goods. We conversed a great deal and with great animation about it. He allowed to the pamphlet published in 1806, in answer to "War in Disguise," and called to mind the conversation we had many years ago, reflecting better than I could then, on the correspondence also that passed between us in furtherance of that role, as he asserted it to be, of international law, that free ships make free goods, to which rule Great Britain alone takes exception. He repeated many and

Montpelier, we got there before breakfast, and were most hospitably received. The ride, is rough, the road not good, nor the country much cultivated. But after we left home, without any spring, it had suddenly burst forth, even there from several hot days; and, in the more southern climate of Virginia, the woods were in foliage, the white-thorn and red-bud trees in greater number than I had ever seen them, giving a pleasant colouring to what was otherwise rather a wild, poor, and uncultivated region. Nearer Mr. Madison's the country is more improved, and the mountain scenery is very agreeable. You enter his outer gate from the woods, and at once get into something like a park, with a well looking house about half a mile off; the whole cleared and improved, with trees in clumps, and other signs of ornamental agriculture. The house is a two-story brick mansion, with wings and colonnades front and back, in good design, but decayed and in need of inconsiderable repairs, which, at trifling expense, would make a great difference in favor of the first impression of his residence.

The house was built by his father; the wings and colonnades by himself. The rooms are good; furnished with French carpets, large windows, a good many paintings, and some statuary—altogether without any fashionable or very elegant equipment, yet in a gentlemanly style of rural property. The table is not only abundantly but handsomely provided; good soups, flesh, fish, and vegetables, well cooked—desirous and excellent wines of various kinds; and when Mrs. Madison was prevailed on me to eat hot bread at breakfast, she said, "You city people think it unwholesome, but we eat heartily like the French, and never find ourselves worse for it." She looks just as she did twenty years ago, and dresses in the same manner, with her turban and cravat; rises early, is very active, but seldom leaves the house, as her devotion to Mr. Madison is incessant, and he needs all her constant attention. The view from the front of the house is very picturesque, bounded by the Blue ridge, which begins about eighteen miles off, seeming to be close by; and though the thermometer marked 82 degrees in the colonnade, yet the mountain air kept the house cool enough. The estate consists of near 2000 acres of good land—the red soil, John Randolph said, in which Presidents grow—with about one hundred slaves, not one of whom, I was told by Mr. Payne Tod, had been flogged for several years.

They raise about a thousand bushels of corn; but the principal crop is tobacco, productive of income for the time being, though injurious to the ground. There were some horned cattle of the superior breeds; the horses, equipages, and stabling, however, the whole equestrian department, in a useful state, but not elegant. Mr. Madison told me, that ever since his Presidency he had been obliged to live beyond his means, selling off some of his capital continually, and he is now in debt.

He spoke often and anxiously of slave property as the worst possible for profit, unless employed in manufac-

ture, as it is safe to be advantage; and when I mentioned Mr. Rush's productive farm of ten acres, near Philadelphia, he said he had no doubt it was more profitable than with two thousand. Among the deplorable effects of the abolition excitement, he considers, first, that in teaching southern people to imagine that slavery is right and useful, a change of opinion suddenly arises, and he referred to Gov. McDowell's message in proof of it; secondly, deteriorating the condition of the poor slaves, whose bondage is embittered by laws and measures intended to counteract the ill-timed and ill-directed efforts put an end to it. Sustaining Gov. McDowell's message, he also mentioned Professor Dew's discourse; of which, as of Governor McDowell's talents, he spoke at the same time, with approbation, respecting their slave doctrines.

Mr. Madison said he always told the southern people that the tariff was not their chief grievance, when they complained most of it; but that, while he asserted the constitutional power, and denied the right of high duties, deeming it a power best used moderately, yet in his apprehension the inexhaustible new lands of the southwest, brought into competition with the worn soils of Virginia and the Carolinas, were the principal cause of their sufferings. Nearly two thirds of his slaves are too young or too old to work much, while the support of so many is very expensive. It takes nearly all he makes to feed, clothe, and preserve them; and when a handsome column or other ornamental part of his mansion falls into decay, he wants the means of conveniently repairing it, without encroaching on necessary expenditures—besides, the difficulty of getting adequate artists at such a distance from their common resort. In this connection he spoke of the productions, the resources, the currency, and the economy of the country at large; the substance of all he said, on these topics, was I think to deprecate the paper money system, without appearing to have confidence in the establishment of hard money instead of it. "There will be troubles and explosions," I predict, said he, "though it is perilous to be a prophet; and it seemed to me that he did not believe he would be in any trouble about the period I spoke of; a question I could not answer fully. He told me he had just seen the first volume of General Armstrong's *Memoirs*, saying that his style is good, though rather too epigrammatic; but that it is an easy matter on paper to criticize in the closet, the conduct of an officer in the field, as General Armstrong did; for though some one mentioned, (I forgot his name,) who was a member, with Washington, of a Church vestry, tried to say that in a discussion on the affairs of the church, in which Washington took an active part, he never heard more eloquent speaking than from him. Mr. Madison added, that he considered Col. Pickering a man undervalued; for though some one had said that General Washington spoiled a good Postmaster General to make a bad Secretary of State, when he appointed Pickering, yet his despatches, (said Mr. M.) always began with "the French and the democrats," after that preface, go on with well-composed and well-considered views of our affairs.

I mentioned the letters of and to Washington, as now published by Mr. Sparks, and he inquired if there were any of his about the period I spoke of; a question I could not answer fully. He told me he had just seen the first volume of General Armstrong's *Memoirs*, saying that his style is good, though rather too epigrammatic; but that it is an easy matter on paper to criticize in the closet, the conduct of an officer in the field, as General Armstrong did; for though some one mentioned, (I forgot his name,) who was a member, with Washington, of a Church vestry, tried to say that in a discussion on the affairs of the church, in which Washington took an active part, he never heard more eloquent speaking than from him. Mr. Madison added, that he considered Col. Pickering a man undervalued; for though some one had said that General Washington spoiled a good Postmaster General to make a bad Secretary of State, when he appointed Pickering, yet his despatches, (said Mr. M.) always began with "the French and the democrats," after that preface, go on with well-composed and well-considered views of our affairs.

I mentioned the letters of and to Washington, as now published by Mr. Sparks, and he inquired if there were any of his about the period I spoke of; a question I could not answer fully. He told me he had just seen the first volume of General Armstrong's *Memoirs*, saying that his style is good, though rather too epigrammatic; but that it is an easy matter on paper to criticize in the closet, the conduct of an officer in the field, as General Armstrong did; for though some one mentioned, (I forgot his name,) who was a member, with Washington, of a Church vestry, tried to say that in a discussion on the affairs of the church, in which Washington took an active part, he never heard more eloquent speaking than from him. Mr. Madison added, that he considered Col. Pickering a man undervalued; for though some one had said that General Washington spoiled a good Postmaster General to make a bad Secretary of State, when he appointed Pickering, yet his despatches, (said Mr. M.) always began with "the French and the democrats," after that preface, go on with well-composed and well-considered views of our affairs.

I mentioned the letters of and to Washington, as now published by Mr. Sparks, and he inquired if there were any of his about the period I spoke of; a question I could not answer fully. He told me he had just seen the first volume of General Armstrong's *Memoirs*, saying that his style is good, though rather too epigrammatic; but that it is an easy matter on paper to criticize in the closet, the conduct of an officer in the field, as General Armstrong did; for though some one mentioned, (I forgot his name,) who was a member, with Washington, of a Church vestry, tried to say that in a discussion on the affairs of the church, in which Washington took an active part, he never heard more eloquent speaking than from him. Mr. Madison added, that he considered Col. Pickering a man undervalued; for though some one had said that General Washington spoiled a good Postmaster General to make a bad Secretary of State, when he appointed Pickering, yet his despatches, (said Mr. M.) always began with "the French and the democrats," after that preface, go on with well-composed and well-considered views of our affairs.

I mentioned the letters of and to Washington, as now published by Mr. Sparks, and he inquired if there were any of his about the period I spoke of; a question I could not answer fully. He told me he had just seen the first volume of General Armstrong's *Memoirs*, saying that his style is good, though rather too epigrammatic; but that it is an easy matter on paper to criticize in the closet, the conduct of an officer in the field, as General Armstrong did; for though some one mentioned, (I forgot his name,) who was a member, with Washington, of a Church vestry, tried to say that in a discussion on the affairs of the church, in which Washington took an active part, he never heard more eloquent speaking than from him. Mr. Madison added, that he considered Col. Pickering a man undervalued; for though some one had said that General Washington spoiled a good Postmaster General to make a bad Secretary of State, when he appointed Pickering, yet his despatches, (said Mr. M.) always began with "the French and the democrats," after that preface, go on with well-composed and well-considered views of our affairs.

I mentioned the letters of and to Washington, as now published by Mr. Sparks, and he inquired if there were any of his about the period I spoke of; a question I could not answer fully. He told me he had just seen the first volume of General Armstrong's *Memoirs*, saying that his style is good, though rather too epigrammatic; but that it is an easy matter on paper to criticize in the closet, the conduct of an officer in the field, as General Armstrong did; for though some one mentioned, (I forgot his name,) who was a member, with Washington, of a Church vestry, tried to say that in a discussion on the affairs of the church, in which Washington took an active part, he never heard more eloquent speaking than from him. Mr. Madison added, that he considered Col. Pickering a man undervalued; for though some one had said that General Washington spoiled a good Postmaster General to make a bad Secretary of State, when he appointed Pickering, yet his despatches, (said Mr. M.) always began with "the French and the democrats," after that preface, go on with well-composed and well-considered views of our affairs.

one, being fastidiously measured in his language and abstemious from personalities; but he has no idea that Hamilton, the author of the funding system, is to be classed with these country gentlemen, like Washington, Jefferson, and himself, whose foundation were in the mother earth, and who held stocks, scrip, and such ephe-

meral and dubious things, in great disrepute. Mr. Jefferson's portraits, by Stewart, by Kosciusko, and others,

his relics and his recollections, are all about Mr. Madison's apartments. When he mentioned Mr. Monroe, he called him *Madame*, as was natural; Mr. Monroe having served under him; but when he spoke of Mr. Jefferson, he called him Mr. Jefferson, as he looked up to him. He spoke also, with obvious natural respect and affection of Washington. I asked him if it was true, as I had heard, that General Washington had offered his services to the country about the time of Jay's treaty? He said no, he believed not at that time; but he supposed there was nothing that General Washington would not have given him if he chose it, as they were very well together; and he gave the French mission to Monroe, you know, said he. I forgot who'er I asked him, I had heard, that General Washington, long passive on the same footing with a mark for not being prepared in a mathematical lesson, which he pronounced to be absurd, and declared that if he ever saw an officer on parade with gloves, he would disgrace him. Mr. Madison could never tell in this way. I think the strongest approach I heard to it from him was when speaking of his dismissal of Mr. Granger, the Postmaster General; he mentioned his *rupture* with him. But beyond an indicating word, like that he never goes. In the course of his complaints of Congress for thwarting the Executive views at the beginning of the war, I confess it occurred to me to doubt whether the Jackson tone is not more potent, if not proper, with Congress, than with the Madison. All such comparisons, however, is odious; and with sincere respect for both of these uncommon persons, I mention them to illustrate Washington as a great man. He said, too, (which I had never heard,) that he was a very eloquent man, and that some one mentioned, (I forgot his name,) who was a member, with Washington, of a Church vestry, tried to say that in a discussion on the affairs of the church, in which Washington took an active part, he never heard more eloquent speaking than from him. Mr. Madison added, that he considered Col. Pickering a man undervalued; for though some one had said that General Washington spoiled a good Postmaster General to make a bad Secretary of State, when he appointed Pickering, yet his despatches, (said Mr. M.) always began with "the French and the democrats," after that preface, go on with well-composed and well-considered views of our affairs.

I mentioned the letters of and to Washington, as now published by Mr. Sparks, and he inquired if there were any of his about the period I spoke of; a question I could not answer fully. He told me he had just seen the first volume of General Armstrong's *Memoirs*, saying that his style is good, though rather too epigrammatic; but that it is an easy matter on paper to criticize in the closet, the conduct of an officer in the field, as General Armstrong did; for though some one mentioned, (I forgot his name,) who was a member, with Washington, of a Church vestry, tried to say that in a discussion on the affairs of the church, in which Washington took an active part, he never heard more eloquent speaking than from him. Mr. Madison added, that he considered Col. Pickering a man undervalued; for though some one had said that General Washington spoiled a good Postmaster General to make a bad Secretary of State, when he appointed Pickering, yet his despatches, (said Mr. M.) always began with "the French and the democrats," after that preface, go on with well-composed and well-considered views of our affairs.

I mentioned the letters of and to Washington, as now published by Mr. Sparks, and he inquired if there were any of his about the period I spoke of; a question I could not answer fully. He told me he had just seen the first volume of General Armstrong's *Memoirs*, saying that his style is good, though rather too epigrammatic; but that it is an easy matter on paper to criticize in the closet, the conduct of an officer in the field, as General Armstrong did; for though some one mentioned, (I forgot his name,) who was a member, with Washington, of a Church vestry, tried to say that in a discussion on the affairs of the church, in which Washington took an active part, he never heard more eloquent speaking than from him. Mr. Madison added, that he considered Col. Pickering a man undervalued; for though some one had said that General Washington spoiled a good Postmaster General to make a bad Secretary of State, when he appointed Pickering, yet his despatches, (said Mr. M.) always began with "the French and the democrats," after that preface, go on with well-composed and well-considered views of our affairs.

I mentioned the letters of and to Washington, as now published by Mr. Sparks, and he inquired if there were any of his about the period I spoke of; a question I could not answer fully. He told me he had just seen the first volume of General Armstrong's *Memoirs*, saying that his style is good, though rather too epigrammatic; but that it is an easy matter on paper to criticize in the closet, the conduct of an officer in the field, as General Armstrong did; for though some one mentioned, (I forgot his name,) who was a member, with Washington, of a Church vestry, tried to say that in a discussion on the affairs of the church, in which Washington took an active part, he never heard more eloquent speaking than from him. Mr. Madison added, that he considered Col. Pickering a man undervalued; for though some one had said that General Washington spoiled a good Postmaster General to make a bad Secretary of State, when he appointed Pickering, yet his despatches, (said Mr. M.) always began with "the French and the democrats," after that preface, go on with well-composed and well-considered views of our affairs.

I mentioned the letters of and to Washington, as now published by Mr. Sparks, and he inquired if there were any of his about the period I spoke of; a question I could not answer fully. He told me he had just seen the first volume of General Armstrong's *Memoirs*, saying that his style is good, though rather too epigrammatic; but that it is an easy matter on paper to criticize in the closet, the conduct of an officer in the field, as General Armstrong did; for though some one mentioned, (I forgot his name,) who was a member, with Washington, of a Church vestry, tried to say that in a discussion on the affairs of the church, in which Washington took an active part, he never heard more eloquent speaking than from him. Mr. Madison added, that he considered Col. Pickering a man undervalued; for though some one had said that General Washington spoiled a good Postmaster General to make a bad Secretary of State, when he appointed Pickering, yet his despatches, (said Mr. M.) always began with "the French and the democrats," after that preface, go on with well-composed

adopted as
my explanation
which, per-
mit, the
st man was
bright-
nations, if I
good, and no
cous source
on my ex-
said, with
believed he
felt he was
that, weak-
his decline
now ex-
his decline

on. Sher-
-site 15th
a Buren,
ment of his
revenue
the sales
rove na-
the United
-solution,
and we shall
next pa-
give the

for the
Mr. Van
ress does
stitution,
the States,
distribu-
eys col-
and in
govern-
(s) p-
The de-
have any
a step,
surance
ould be a
ture of its
which
charac-
the bill,
ent, and
the bill a
duty to
or rejec-
people
tolera-
open the
ences, or
-poses
of future
the hopes
fortunate
by tak-
the re-
measure

the dis-
he pub-
the feel-
that the
should
(s) ob-
those re-
tial in
the Pres-
ob-
al-
and fa-
of the
lic-
other
e says,
e to the
proves
naviga-
es not
ent for
other as
it has
will give
one is

ill sign-
ances,
savers,
1, to
es-
ates of
the strict
of deci-
sionally
posed
in the
inex-
thinks
gress
States,
power
tence
there-
people
United
gress
As to
ed by
as the
the greater
with it.
stain
medium
consider-
in this
pro-
auses

the accumulation of gold and silver in the hands of the people. It is high time, he thinks, that the consideration of such subject. We are real federal venom, and shows what that party would do had they but the power. Mr. Mum and a European public opinion, from which the Federal Government confine itself to the creation of coin, and that the States afford a fair deal, in opposing Gen. Garrison as a candidate for the Presidency. The blackest and basest of his private deeds may be concealed in eternal darkness, and we will not drag them forth; nor should we even have hinted at them but for the purpose of presenting to the view of our readers, the strong contrast between the course which is pursued by the opposition and that of the friends of the administration, in relating to such matters; and to show the madness, the folly and the presumption with which a party which is placed in a glass house indulges in throwing stones, when a retaliation would soon dash their fabric to atoms. But they know our forbearance, and knowing that we are confident of success, and being perfectly aware that there is no possible chance for them, they can gratify their spleen by other means, and feel persuaded that we will not imitate their example, and could not, render their prospects more gloomy if we would.—*N. H. Patriot.*

—
From the *Sacred Democrat.*

THE DIFFERENCE.—It has always been the practice of the opposition to attack the private character of the candidates of the people, with the view of defeating their election upon that ground; while the practice of the friends of the administration has invariably been to confine themselves to an examination into, and a representation of the political principles, and public character and conduct of the candidates to whom they have been opposed. When our present venerable Chief Magistrate was a candidate every species of slander against his private character was industriously circulated, the consequence of which was to carry his excellent wife to a premature and untimely grave; and even after her death they were not content to let her remain in peace in the grave, to which their vituperation and black-hearted malice and venom had hurried her, but even when her death was announced, she was followed with the vengeance of blood-hounds. The same course is now pursued by them with regard to Col. Johnson. Against his public character they cannot even fabricate a charge. His limping gait and deformed frame cry triumphed tongue in honor of his courage in the battle field, & the trophies which he has won from our savage foes prevent their attempting to assail his reputation as a soldier; and his industry, his patriotism, his zeal in the cause of the poor and friendless, the many excellent measures he has proposed and advocated in the hall of Congress, give him among his countrymen a range as a statesman and philanthropist, which shields him in that respect, from the fangs of the most malignant vipers to be found in the land.—His whole public career has been so pure, so spotless, so brilliant and so deserving of admiration that in surveying it, malice is confounded, and the tongue of slander is made dumb. But all this is passed over by the opposition when speaking of him, and they resort to the same vile course which was pursued by them in opposition to Gen. Jackson while he was a candidate, which is to attack his private character; and that too has been so amiable and correct generally, that nothing in that particular can be seized upon by them to answer their vile purposes, and gratify their vile and malignant appetite, but some alleged follies of his youth, from which but few of the human family have been entirely exempt. And what they particularly condemn in that is, that he has not, like many of those who denounce him on account of the errors, left to piety in poverty as I went, those to whom they have given existence, but has provided for them and thereby, as far as possible, made amends for his errors. Taking all the allegations made by the opposition respecting him to be true, which is far from being the case.

The very head and front of his offending has this extent, no more.” But with matters of this kind the public have no concern; and none but a malignant heart, and a perverted taste would ever desire to drag them forward. The doing of it displays a disregard of all feeling of honor and honesty, which is far from being the case.

Has this extent, no more.”

But with matters of this kind the public have

no concern; and none but a malignant heart,

and a perverted taste would ever desire to drag

them forward. The doing of it displays a dis-

regard of all feeling of honor and honesty, which is far from being the case.

As to the publica-

tion of the publica-

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

BARBER OF BANTRY.

"Please your worship," said the eldest of the three accusers, "this boy an' my son Ned were at work together yesterday, an' they had some words comin' home which nobody then took much notice of. But this morning it so happened that I went to work in your honor's private garden agreeable to orders. It was early, an' I expected to be first upon the ground, which I knew to be the pleasin' to your honor, but I was overtaken on the road by these two neighbors; so the three of us went on together with our spades in our hands. When we come into the field it was just the dusk of dawn. 'Stop,' says this boy here to me, 'don't you hear groanin'?' 'I hard somethin,' says I; 'but I made nothing of it, thinkin' it was the wind.' 'Tis not the wind," says he, 'but some one that got a bad hurt, an' them they are!' Sure enough at that minute we seen this boy here trying to make off with a pitchfork, this pitchfork here—in his hand, but we pinned him. Little I knew what use he was puttin' it to. I wish I had no more to tell—it's dear I aird your worship's plates. We found my poor boy a dead corpse in the furrow, an' there's the villain that done it."

The two other witnesses being examined, corroborated in all its circumstances the evidence given by the first. Having patiently heard all they had to say, and finding that they had not detected the man in the very act, Moynihan seemed desirous to dismiss the case. It was true, he said, they had found a man on the spot with the bloody weapon in his hand, and with his hands on the dead body. This and his precipitate flight when seen, and the disagreement the previous evening, was strong circumstantial evidence of guilt, and he called on the prisoner for his explanation.

The unhappy man turned pale and red alternately, and trembled as if his doom had been already fixed. He acknowledged the dispute, and indeed all the circumstances deposed by his accusers, yet he attested heaven that he was wholly guiltless.

"I went into the field," said he, "to my work, an' I found the corpse before me in the furrow, an' the pitchfork lyin' a-near it, while I was feelin' him to see if he had any life, because I was afraid they'd say 'twas I done it, an' I took the pitchfork with me in my flight."

Mr. Moynihan, who seemed affected in the strongest manner by the poor fellow's anxiety, was so far from judging him guilty, that he temporily refused to issue a warrant of commitment, and used all his influence to dissuade the friends of the deceased from proceeding further against the prisoner. To this, however, they would by no means listen. They conveyed the accused before another magistrate, who committed him to goal without hesitation.

The day of trial came and Mr. Moynihan happened to be one of the jury. The evidence was the same as before the judge—his old acquaintance. To the whole court, except to Mr. Moynihan, the testimony seemed conclusive. He, however, would not listen to the thought of a conviction. The arguments of his eleven fellow-jurors were vain—he would not subscribe to their verdict. The foreman made his report to the judge, who reproached Mr. Moynihan severely with his obstinacy. The latter however, was not to be moved, and the issue was (as the rumor goes) that the jury were *kissed* and the prisoner set at liberty.

When the judge had returned to his lodgings, he could not avoid reflecting on the extraordinary character of this man, who had thus to gratify favorite theory let a murderer loose upon society and set up his own solitary judgment against the unanimous conviction of a crowded court. So deeply did it prey upon his mind, that he sent for Mr. Moynihan, in order that they might exchange some quiet conversation on the subject. The latter readily attended on his summons.

"My lord," said Mr. Moynihan, with a serious air on hearing the cause of the judge's message, "you may remember a conversation which we had some time since on the subject of circumstantial evidence?"

"Perfectly well," replied the judge.

"I told your lordship then," said Mr. Moynihan, "that the time might yet arrive when I should have an opportunity of making you a convert to my own opinion."

That time, Mr. Moynihan, is certainly yet to come; for I never had a case so clearly against you, as that which we have tried to-day. May I request to know your reasons for such extraordinary—perseverance—to give it no harsher name?"

"My reasons are at your lordship's service," answered Mr. Moynihan, "provided that I have your solemn word of honor not to divulge them during my own lifetime."

The judge, without hesitation, gave him the promise he desired.

"I admit, my lord," said Moynihan, "that this case had all the strength of circumstantial testimony which you considered necessary; but I could not in conscience convict the prisoner, for I AM MYSELF the slayer of the deceased."

The judge started back in horror.

"Yes," said he, "it happened on that morning that I was in the field before any of my workmen. The deceased was the first who made his appearance, and I rebuked him for his neglect. Being man of a hot temper, he answered me with more than equal warmth; and I lost all command of mine. I struck him—he returned the blow—I held the pitchfork in my hand, and with one blow more I felled him to the earth. I fled in terror, and in less than one hour after, the prisoner was brought before me. Judge whether I had not reason to

be constant in my verdict of acquittal."

The judge kept his promise; but from that day forward he was much more cautious in receiving circumstantial evidence on a capital charge.

PARIS GAMBLING-HOUSE.

I have visited, to know for myself what they are, the *hells* of Paris. They are the great gambling houses. The thing that struck me most in them, was the apparent absence of everything like what the name imports. The scene is marked with decorum and modesty in the air of the women, and composure and gravity on the part of the men; and yet the company consists of the most vicious persons of both sexes. So far is this decorum carried at Frascati, that servants were in attendance in the ante-chamber, who took our hats, over-coats, and over-shoes, as if we were to enter an ordinary party. This was to me the most instructive feature of the scene; for, after all, I suppose that it is true, that hell is not found so much in physical horrors, in lurid flames and frightful countenances, as in smooth-faced, decorous wickedness; not so much in groans, and shrieks, and imprecations, perhaps, as in soft words and fair pretensions. In short, where hell is, does not appear to the outward eye, and, perhaps, it never will. But who, from the silent depths of the soul, with the eye all spiritual has not perceived things worse than any outward form can show, or scene exhibit, or words express?—[Dewey.]

ENGLISH FAIR.

It was the time of the Greenwich fair, in the Easter holidays, and I was glad of an opportunity to witness some of the English sports common on such occasions. They were certainly of a very humble description, like those of all Europe. It was chiefly a Punch and Judy sort of exhibition. Punch and Judy, indeed, in *propria persona*, figure among the principal performers on these occasions. We passed through a crowded street, half a mile long, lined on one side with small booths, for the sale of toys, trinkets, cakes, and gingerbread, and on the other with successive stages, filled with mountebanks and low actors in barquequin dresses, bands of musicians, and troops of dancers. Other methods of entertainment were swinging cars, resembling carriages, which swung up fearfully high, till, indeed, no angle was left between them and the horizon—running down hill in the park—and a game, within a ring formed of the players, in which the principal business and result seemed to be kissing. There was a publicity and grossness about it, to which I am sure no young country girls of ours, though I am of the humblest class, would submit. [Dewey.]

Marrying for White Beans. A rich old bachelor in Bennington, Vt. called one evening on Gen. W. a Justice of the Peace, and wished to speak with him a moment, at his door.—When the General had stepped into the yard, Hunks addressed him—General, I am about to be married: I wish you to marry me, and I will pay for your services in *white beans*. The General replied, 'never mind the white beans—bring along your dulcinea, and I will marry you.' It so happened, that one of the General's hired men was in the yard and overheard the dialogue. It was soon circulated through the neighborhood that Gen. W. married people and took his pay in white beans. This report annoyed the General extremely, as the wags often enquire, if the General continued to marry for white beans."

SLEEP.—The following rules for ascertaining how much sleep a person absolutely requires, were written by the celebrated John Wesley, and are deserving of attention:—

"Healthy men require a little above six hours sleep; healthy women a little above seven, in four and twenty. If any one desires to know exactly what quantity of sleep his own constitution requires, he may very easily make the experiment which I made about sixty years ago. I then awoke every night about twelve or one, and lay awake for some time. I readily concluded that this arose from being in bed longer than nature required. To be satisfied, I procured an alarm, which waked me the next morning at seven, (near an hour earlier than I rose the day before,) yet I lay awake again at night. The second morning I awoke at six; but notwithstanding this, I lay awake the second night. The third morning I awoke at five; but nevertheless I lay awake the third night. The fourth morning I awoke at four, as, by the grace of God, I have done ever since. And I lay awake no more. And I do not now lie awake taking the year round, a quarter of an hour a month. By the same experiment, rising earlier and earlier every morning, may any one find how much sleep he really wants."

BELIEF.—An involuntary operation of the mind, which we can no more control, however earnestly we may wish or pray for it, than we can add a cubit to our stature by desiring to be taller. "Belief or disbelief," says Dr. Whately, "can neither be a virtue nor a vice, in any one who uses the best means in his power of being informed. If a proposition is evident, we cannot help rejecting it, or doubting of it; and where is the crime of not performing impossibilities, or not believing what does not appear to us to be true?" Throughout the world belief depends chiefly upon localities, and the accidents of birth. The doctrines instilled into our infant mind are, in almost every instance, retained as they were received—without inquiry; and if such a passive acquaintance deserve the name of an intelligent belief, which may well be questioned, it is manifest that we ourselves have no merit in the process. And yet, gracious Heaven! what wars, massacres, miseries

and martyrdoms, to enforce that which it does not depend upon the human will, either to adopt or to repudiate!

Perhaps the world never made a more mischievous mistake, than by elevating the meritiveness and the rewards of belief, which is not in our in our power, above the claims of good works, which depend entirely upon ourselves; a perversion operating as a premium upon hypocrisy, and a positive discouragement to virtue. Whatever desert there may be in mere belief, we share it with the devils, who are said, in the Epistle of James, "to believe and tremble;" a tolerably conclusive answer to those who maintain that good works are the inevitable result of faith.

We will put a case to the sincere bigot. If fifty, or five hundred, or five thousand, of the most learned and clear-sighted men in the kingdom, were solemnly to warn him that his salvation or perdition depended on his believing the sky to be of a bright orange colour, what would he reply, if he was an honest man? "Gentlemen, most implicitly do I believe that, to your eyes, the sky is of a bright orange colour; but, owing to some singularity of defect in the construction of my visual organs, a misfortune for which I ought to be pitied rather than hated and anathematized, it has always appeared to me of a mild blue colour; nor can I ever believe, such being the case, that a God of truth and justice, will reward me with eternal happiness for uttering a falsehood; or condemn me to endless torments for avowing that which I most conscientiously believe to be true." Let the bigot, upon questions as to the colour of faith, infinitely more difficult of proof than the hues of visible objects, grant the indulgence he is thus described as claiming; let him do as he would be done by, and he will soon loose the reproach of his name, while enlightened and philanthropic Christianity will gain a convert. But, alas! it is so much easier to observe certain forms involving no self-denial, or to profess a belief, which may be simply an uninquiring assertion, than to practise virtue, that the fanatics will always have numerous followers, who will hate the moralities even as the ancient Pharisees detested Christians.

Shafisbury, in his "Characteristics," has thus defined the different forms of belief:—

"To believe that everything is governed, or regulated for the best, by a designing principle or mind necessarily good and permanent, is to be perfect Theist."

"To believe no one supreme designing Principle or Mind, but rather two, three, or more (though in their nature good) is to be Polytheist."

"To believe the governing mind or minds not absolutely and necessarily good, nor confined to what is best, but capable of acting according to mere will or fancy, is to be a Dæmonist."

God forbid! that anything here set down should be construed into an encouragement of unbelief, when its sole object is the discouragement of unchristian intolerance, by showing the real nature and value of faith. They who persecute, or even hate their fellow creatures for opinion's sake, want the power rather than the inclination to restore the inquisition, with all its diabolical cruelties. We are told in the 7th Psalm, that "the Lord ordaineth his arrows against the persecutors." They who practise, therefore, not those who deprecate persecution, are the real unbelievers. Haecqued as is the quotation, we cannot, perhaps, better close this article than with People's couplet—

"For modes of faith let zealous bigots fight;
Honesty can't be wrong where it's in the right."

Suffering others to think for us, when Heaven has supplied us with reason and conscience for the express purpose of thinking for ourselves, is the great fountain of all human error. "There cannot," says Locke, "be a more dangerous thing to rely on than the opinion of others, nor more likely to mislead one; since there is much more falsehood and error among men than truth and knowledge; and if the opinions and persuasions of others, whom we know and think well of, be a ground of assent, men have reason to be heathens in Japan, Mahometans in Turkey, Papists in Spain, Protestants in England, and Lutherans in Sweden."

ORTHODOXY.—Says a reverend writer, will cover a multitude of sins, but a cloud of virtues cannot cover the want of the minutest particle of orthodoxy: whatever you do, be orthodox. Nevertheless, it might be easily shown, that all Christian churches have suffered more by their zeal for orthodoxy, and by the violent methods taken to promote it, than from the utmost efforts of their greatest enemies.—*In Trumpet.*

Demand for Labor.—There never has been a time, within our remembrance, when the demand for labor throughout the country was so great as at present; and, of consequence, there never was a time when the price of labor was so high. The demand is not confined to any one class of workmen, but extends to every class, farmers included. Although thousands of laborers and artisans are imported every year from foreign countries, they seem but as a drop in the bucket, and the demand goes on, unabated and increasing.—*Journal of Com.*

Speculation in Detroit.—A man who has a lease for an apple stand at the corner of a street, and whose whole stock in trade is not worth \$15, being required to remove asks \$5000 for his lease!

A Heavy Business.—We learn, says the New York Transcript, from good authority that the business transactions of the Messrs. Josephs, of Wall street, on Saturday last, amounted to upwards of two millions of dollars.

PERSONS AFFLICTED WITH CORNS!

WHEN find in the use of the ALBION CORN PLASTER one of the most efficacious remedies known for troublesome complaint, as hundreds and thousands can, and are ready to testify to its having answered a better purpose than any they had ever used. This application never causes the least pain, although it softens the Corn and draws it out by the roots, and it gels in its effects.

REMARKABLE CURES!

ONE gentleman near Greenfield writes:—"It has cured a corn which for years had caused me incalculable pain, and the article, after various other remedies, had been received with relief myself, I advise all, however obstinate the complaint, to make trial of the Albion Corn Plaster, and I have doubt they will soon be ready to express the ingratitude as it is gentle in its effects."

THE BRITISH ANTISEPTIC Dentifrice!

renders the teeth beautifully and permanently white, emboldens the enamel, removes the tartar arising from decayed teeth, and entirely offensive breath, prevents decay, and tooth-ache, eradicates the scurvy from the gums, and imparts a most delicious sweetness to the breath.

AN experienced druggist pronounces this Tooth Powder one of the best he has ever met with, either foreign or domestic. Price 50 cents a box, with directions.

DR. RELIEF'S PILLS

For Females!

For Obstruction, Detachment, & Proliferation of the Heart, Bad Digestion, Leaking of Food, and Pain of the Stomach. Pills purify and promote a brisk circulation of the blood, when become sluggish and obstructed from the foregoing disorders, revive the regular habits of the unhealthy female, whose sickly and pale countenance becomes re-animated, and freshens with the natural glow of restored health. They are equally conducive to the health of married ladies, except in cases of pregnancy or confinement, when *not to be taken*. Price \$1.00.

* * * None can equal or surpass this in the outside printed wrap paper for the sole Preparation. 1000 Pills in a box.

Dr. Conway. For sale, with all the other "Cure Medicines."

At his Counting Room, No. 99, next door to J. Kidder's Drug Store corner of Court and Hanover Streets, near Congress Hall, Boston, and by his special appointment, by S. GROCKITT & CO., Paris-Hill, SMITH & BENNETT, and W. E. GOODNOW, Norway Village, who have also for sale all the justly celebrated medicines prepared by him.

Large discount to those who buy in sets again. No. 4, 12

To the Hon. County Commissioners for the County of Oxford, on their Session, held at Oxford, in and for said County, on the 3d Tuesday of June, A. D. 1836.

THE subscribers, inhabitants of the town of Paris and vicinity, represent, that on the recent road laid out on the petition of Asaph Kittridge and others, and accepted by the verdict of this Court A. D. 1834, an unprofitable and dangerous turnpike was opened to the public in that part of said road situated between the town of Paris and Barnard, France and that of Ebenezer Ravent, all in said Paris, which alteration consists in passing to the east of the house of John Butterfield, instead of the west side as now located—that by the proposed alteration, much expense would be saved to the town of Paris in making the road, and to the county in reducing the amount of damages to be paid to individuals over whose lands the road would then pass. They therefore pray that said alteration may be made that notice may be ordered and a view had by the County Commissioners, and other interested parties as to the least thirty days before the time of said meeting, that all persons interested may then and there appear and state why they may have any objection to said petition should not be granted.

JOHN BUTTERFIELD, & 31 others.

STATE OF MAINE.

Oxford, set.

At a meeting of the County Commissioners begun and ended at Paris, within the County of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of June, A. D. 1836.

ON the foregoing petition, Ordered, That the petitioners give notice to all persons and corporations interested, that the County Commissioners will meet at the dwelling house of John Butterfield in said Paris on Monday the nineteenth day of September next, at nine o'clock A. M. when they will proceed to view the route to be forth in the petition; and immediately after will view at some convenient place in the vicinity will give notice to the parties and their witnesses, by causing printed copies of the petition and one or more notices thereof to be served on the Clerk of said County of Paris, and by posting like copies in three public places in said town of Paris, and by publishing the same three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, the first of said publications & each of the other notices to be at least thirty days before the time of said meeting, that all persons interested may then and there appear and state why they may have any objection to said petition should not be granted.

JOHN BUTTERFIELD, & 31 others.

SCENES ON BROADWAY.

THE FARM formerly owned by the late HENRY C. HORN. It is situated 24 miles from the City House in Paris, Maine, consists of about 175 acres of land of excellent quality, suitably divided into meadows, tillage, pasture and wood-land—on which are about one thousand and 100 acres of good Stone Wall. The buildings are a two story House—Barn 100 by 20 ft.—25 feet high. A small well for the House, and an excellent aqueduct with an abundant supply of water for the Barn. The Orchard is beautiful and thrifty, and a choice engraving.

Such land is well watered and under good improvement—costs about 75 tons of good English Hay, and has pasture for 50 head of cattle, and is probably one of the best S. H. E. P. farms in the State. There is also an old farm a few rods from the new.

JOHN BUTTERFIELD, & 31 others.

JOHN BUTTERFIELD, & 31 others.